

# VINDICATION OF A

## Marriage-Life,

In Answer to the Broad-side against

## MARRIAGE.

**T**Hou dull insipid Wretch, who could'st not choose.  
An apter Theme for thy prophaner Muse:  
Thy limping *Pegasus* though sho'd with Rime  
Flounders and halts ev'n in the second Line.

As if like *Balaam's Ass*, he durst not go  
His usual Pace against *A Godly Foe*.

Thou Mercinariest Rhymers of the Town,  
Thou Pimp to all Debauches for a Crown.  
Who for a Strumpet's Fee dost thus dispence,  
With breach of Laws of God and Conscience.  
And rather, then thy Luxury controul  
Wilt sell the noble Charter of thy Soul.  
Nay had the other poor half Crown bin given,  
I dare to swear Thou hadst sold thy claim to Heaven!  
From the dull Poem we collect no more  
But only that thou art, *A Son of a Whore*  
The Harlots Champion and her part dost take  
Because thou lov'st her for thy Mothers sake.  
And who can think him less who thus derides  
The holy Priviledges of happy Brides.  
Who cause himself's a Bastard won't allow  
The blest effects of a conjugal Vow,  
So Thieves and Rogues who boast their own esteem.  
Would have the honest though as bad as them,  
And with loud Oaths applaud that very crime,  
For which perhaps they're hang'd another time,  
Which just deserved Fate since 'tis his due;  
I wish may reach our Poetaster too:  
Who by a long accusom'd trick of thieving  
Is the known Robber both of the Dead and Living,  
When i'r'd Verse hath worn his fancy bare,  
His brain as empty as his Pockets are.  
Made desperate through want, like some mad Lad,  
That's driven by necessity to Padd:  
He rifles all the Poets in the Town  
And what he rudely seizes, makes his own.  
No Play or Character, e're yet was Writ,  
But suffers by this *High-way Man of Wit*.  
Who where so e're he meets it, bids it stand  
And quietly resign at his Command.  
No wonder then if such as he degrade  
The spotless pleasures of a Marriage Bed;  
Whose Infamous Progenitors ne're knew  
What honours to that happy state is due:  
But still ran on in an Incestuous Line,  
And knew their Parentage no more then Swine:  
Thus I dare swear, *Incorrigible Set*,  
Thou was't not got by any holy Plot?

But as a hated Judgement didst proceed  
To punish those who did so ill a Deed.  
By thy own Parents Recon'd a mishap  
Whose Birth they dreaded worse then a Clap.  
Thy Mother Curst thee in her very Womb,  
And wish'd her belly might have been thy Tomb:  
So passionately mad she was to see,  
That thou should'st spoil her Six Months Letchery:  
What shall I say thou thing of low Estate!  
The longest Curse is too short to reach thy Fate,  
To make comparison betwixt Hell and thee,  
Were but to complement thy misery,  
And by so mild a simile to press,  
Too modest thoughts on thy unhappiness,  
Enjoy thy self, thy Royets and thy VVenches,  
Thy Pocky Pills, thy Dyet, Drink, and Drenches;  
Commend thy Plaisters, Seringes, and Fluxes,  
And swear there's no such pleasure as the Pox is:  
Thy snuffling Elloquence shall ne're dissuade  
Me from the Pleasures of my Nuptial Bed.  
Marriage the Noble Center of the Mind,  
Wherein an Heaven we only quiet find:  
The even Calme of fifty pleasant Years,  
Wherein no storms but those of love appears,  
And repetitions of our Chast delights,  
Which we like Gods enjoy without affrights,  
We run no hazards, but go to it with ease,  
Squenching our Souls, and leaving when we please  
Cloy'd with the pleasures of the Active Night,  
Our minds next day repeat the blest delight;  
Flush'd with sweet kisses, our desires move  
So high we drown our Duty in our Love.  
Marriage, the holy order which confines,  
Our stragling faculties to good designs,  
That wise retreat which bids us take a View,  
Both of our selves and of our Fortunes too,  
Which busie Youth could ne're abide to do,  
A VVife! that sweet divider of our cares!  
Doubles our joy and half our sorrow shares.  
If angry Destiny our Fortune shakes,  
She smiles and heals those wounds which Fortune makes:  
Sugard withi' humble Language, she  
Calmly diverts our Growing misery.  
In short a Vertuous VVife's a good estate,  
And he who has her is secured by Fate,  
To Live in Credit, and be Fortunate.

F I N I S.